

"ONE A PENNY, TWO A PENNY,"

+ Hot Cross Buns +

We do not hear the cry "Hot Cross Buns, Hot Cross Buns, One a Penny, Two a Penny, Hot Cross Buns," when we awaken on Good Friday morning in this country.

A good reason for this failure is that our wives and mothers are such excellent cooks that with their own fingers they mix the dough that goes into the bread for the greatest fast day of the year.

In the older countries the maternal head of the house is not a bread-maker. So the baker boy goes up one street and down another calling in musical tones the well known rhyme of our childhood.

Here are a couple of recipes for Good Friday buns. Either will make delicious buns. Do not neglect, however, to make a cross in the top of each bit of bread before putting the baking tin in the oven.

Irish Hot Cross Buns.—To 3 cups of milk add flour enough to make a thick batter. Into this stir 1 cake of compressed yeast dissolved in warm water. In the morning add a few spoonfuls of melted butter and 1-2 spoonful of grated nutmeg, 1 saltspoon of salt, 1 teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make a stiff dough like biscuit. Knead well and let rise 5 hours. Roll to 1-2 inch thickness, cut in round cakes and put in buttered baking pans. Let stand until light. Make a

deep gash in each with a knife. Bake in moderate oven till light brown. Brush over the top with the beaten white of an egg and powdered sugar.

New York Hot Cross Buns.—

One cup scalded milk 1-4 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-2 yeast cake dissolved in 1-4 cup lukewarm water, 3-4 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 cups flour, 1 egg, 1-4 raisins stoned and quartered, or 1-4 cup currants. Add butter, sugar, and salt to milk; when lukewarm, add dissolved yeast cake, cinnamon, flour and egg well beaten; when thoroughly mixed, add raisins, cover, and let rise over night. In morning, shape in forms of large biscuits, place in pan 1 inch apart let rise, brush over with beaten egg, and bake 20 minutes; cool, and with ornamental frosting make a cross on top of each bun.

The Brute.

"See that measuring worm crawling up my skirt," cried Mrs. Bjenks. "That's a sign I'm going to have a new dress."

"Well, let him make it for you," growled Bjenks. "And send a hookworm to do you up the back. I'm tired of the job."

U. S. has second largest Italian city in the world. First is Rome and then New York, with 532,000 from the sunny country.